



“Sing unto God.”

**NO. 8.**

**LENT TERM, 1920.**

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# The Academite.

An organ of the greater student body of the  
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Being a medium for the dissemination of a mutual interest among  
Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

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No. 8. ONE SHILLING.

Lent Term, 1920.

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# The Academite.

## Editorial.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

HE existence of a real live Student Journal depends entirely upon the response which is forthcoming from those for whom it is published. As we have had occasion to state in a previous issue, the great difficulty in continuing the life of a students' magazine is that students come and go from term to term, which result in the loss of those with literary talent without the corresponding gain to be found in the literary talents of new Students. Because of the fact that a newcomer, however great his genius may be in this direction, is decidedly timid when it comes to giving air to his expressions. And when he gets over this natural diffidence and has become useful as a regular correspondent to the journal, his term is finished; and so on it goes *ad infinitum*. One of the rules in the conducting of *The Academite* to which we strictly adhered in the past was that all contributions should be signed in full or initialed. This, we thought, would heighten the personal touch and induce many to write. We have now concluded that this particular condition has had a deterrent rather than a beneficial effect upon would-be correspondents. We have, therefore, decided that contributors may, at their pleasure, use pseudonyms, but as an evidence of good faith, the name of the contributor must accompany their MS., if for no other reason than that of safe-guarding the Editor. We hope, now that this barrier is removed, everybody will send in articles so that we may have a good lot to choose from and thereby make *The Academite* a real live journal, representative of a real live student body.

## An "Academite" Committee Meeting.



THE principal members of the "Academite" staff were seated in gloomy silence round a table in their Committee Room (which is also used for lunch by other students). The Editor, who was presiding, wore an extremely worried look, and all looked rather harassed.

The Committee had been summoned by most urgent post-cards from the Secretary; it was indeed an important meeting, for the fate of *The Academite* depended on it. They were at present chewing the cud of the Editor's last speech, which had described a grave position.

"At length the Editor spoke again. "I think we shall *have* to drop it," he said. "You can't possibly bring out a magazine if you've nothing to put in it, and, to be frank with you, I've got nothing in hand at all for this term's number."

"Don't say *that*," said a fair scribe, and diving into her case, she produced an extremely small MS., which she handed smilingly to her chief.

He surveyed it gloomily, and said in tones of black despair, "Yes, it's charming—but one poem doesn't make a Number, you know."

"Still, it's a beginning, a nucleus—"

"Yes, it is that, certainly."

"—and perhaps I could write you some more."

Everyone became very solicitous that Miss —— should not overwork herself in the cause, and the Secretary added hastily: "Even if Miss —— wrote the whole number, our difficulties would not be solved, but merely postponed for a while. The point is, we must get hold of the *students*. Everybody reads the Magazine, and surely some of them should write for it. After all, why should *we* write the whole thing every time?"

The irrepressible Miss ——, blushing becomingly, said, "Well, of course, there *is* a good reason, you know—"

"Nonsense," said a young man emphatically, "the simple reason is that they're all too confoundedly lazy—I'm sick of the whole business. First you have to go down on your knees to everyone you know, to implore them to write for the beastly thing (and none of 'em ever do, even if they promise to), and then a few weeks later, you're at it again, trying to sell them. I'm sick of it—I haven't the time—I'm going to resign."

"You might well be sick of it—" began a correspondent.

"So I am."

"——if things were as bad as that, but, to the best of my knowledge, you have never thought about the Mag. since our general meeting, months ago. Did you see the last number?" she added, sweetly.

The young man subsided with a growl, and an Assistant Editress took up the tale. "Look here," she said, "what about a notice saying we need things badly, and making it quite clear that *everyone* can send us things if they care to?"

"Students never read notices," moaned the Editor.

"Some of them do. Anyway, I'll undertake that; it might be some use, for I am sure the reason no one ever writes is because they either don't know we want them to, or else don't think about it. And, if we all write something, that'll go some way towards making a number."

"Why *should* we do it all every term? We're the busiest people in the R.A.M., I'm sure," and the Secretary mopped his brow.

"Well, one reason is that we undertook the Mag, and another is that we enjoy it."

"Do we?" came a gloomy chorus.

"Those of us who *really* run it do," replied the Ass. Ed., glowering at one or two less active members of the staff than herself.

"Look here," said an intelligent girl who had not previously spoken, "I've an idea. We must say something of our difficulties in our next number. Put up your notice as well, but people are much more likely to read a semi-humorous article in the Magazine itself. We'll get up a number somehow this term—I'll write you as much as you like——"

("Thank you *very* much," from the other side of the table.)

"——and someone must be deputed to write something amusing on our woes. They'll read it if it's nice and bright, you know——"

"Will they?" groaned the Editor.

"——though whether they'll act on it or not is another matter."

"And it must be signed with a pseudonym or something," suggested the Recording Angel.

"And whoever writes it must undertake to do something else in their own name as well," added the Editor, greedily.

"Righto," said the Ass. Ed., "and now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a lesson."

The meeting then concluded with some tea-drinking, during which all the members of the staff swore eternal loyalty to *The Academite* and each other, and the lazy youth and his accuser walked amiably off arm in arm, leaving the Editor and Secretary smiling beatifically and discussing elaborate schemes for new departments of *The Academite*.

ONE OF THEM.

### An Academy Ballad. SENSITIVE PLANTS.

“I don’t care to live!” little Nellie remarked;  
“I sang my solfeggi and scarcely he harked;  
I warbled ‘Robert!’ and he said that I barked;  
I must change my professor.”

“I wish I was dead!” moaned despairingly Kate;  
“I came to piano but half-an-hour late,  
And he brutally chid me, refusing to wait:  
I must change my professor.”

“O, what will I do?” cried Llewellyn MacPrice;  
“To this harmony teacher I’ll never go twice;  
He says that consecutive fifths are not nice:  
I must change my professor.”

“Why should teachers do nothing but bully and scold?  
We didn’t come here to be snubbed and controlled,  
Treat us kindly and coax our rare gifts to unfold—  
Or we’ll change our professors.”

My dears, if your nerves are too weak to stand fire,  
To make noise in this world you need never aspire,  
’Tis another profession you really require,  
Not a change of professors.

When students their necks to Authority bow  
They begin to get on. If you’d only allow  
We know better than you, what a change!  
And oh, how  
It would change your professors!

### Some Impressions of Indian Music.

OME years ago, there went out to India a certain young person, possessed of benevolent but somewhat vague ideas about the possibility of teaching eager and willing minds in that sunny land to express their emotions in song and find their souls’ satisfaction, after a period of training, in the works of Handel and Bach and others.

Having been told that the mystical contemplative soul of India poured out its devout longing mainly in sacred song, the would-be teacher hastened to a College Chapel Service, hoping to hear something thrilling. A painful disillusionment awaited her. A Bengali hymn was announced, a man with a drum and a youth with a pair of cymbals made what seemed a casual sort of noise by way of introduction, then one voice broke forth into song alone.

Shades of all our honoured line of Singing Professors! If they could have only heard that voice—harsh, rasping and nasal, with every muscle held so tightly that the stranger’s own throat ached in sympathy. As for the tune, which bore no resemblance to an air, it certainly did not begin on any note of the tonic chord and just seemed to meander wherever the singer’s larynx took it. Everybody remained seated, and presently other members of the congregation joined in one by one, some with their eyes shut and their heads thrown back as far as possible, others swaying backwards and forward, all introducing little turns and runs at their own sweet will. As the feeling got worked up, the choir sang faster and louder, until the veins were standing out on their necks and foreheads with the effort. Gradually, there was a diminution of sound, the congregation dropped

out of the singing as casually as they had dropped in, and presently the first singer was left to finish the tune alone, which he did quite suddenly and unexpectedly without giving "any sense of completeness or coming to a centre of rest." The cymbals and the drum continued making a few more emphatic noises, then they too ceased, and the hymn was ended.

Bewildered was the mind of the stranger and her ears greatly offended. Being but "half baked," with little knowledge of the History of Music, she did not realise that she had been introduced to the parent system of the music she knew, but thought she had met something barbaric and uncultured. To add to her astonishment, on making some uncomplimentary remarks on Indian music, she was informed that the system she herself thought so beautiful was as distasteful to the Bengali as his was to her. It took some time to obtain illumination on this strange state of affairs, but at last light dawned with a little study of Indian musical history. The cause of the trouble was just this: the modern European and the Indian stand 3,000 years apart in the systems they follow, and lack of appreciation is mainly the result of total lack of understanding on both sides.

Sanskrit music, like classical Greek music, uses quarter tone, there being twenty-five intervals to twelve of ours in an octave. It has something like 162 modes to our two remaining ones, the major and the minor. There is no fundamental note like our tonic, but in each mode there is a predominant note, generally in the position of the meeting place of the tetrachords of the particular scale. If there is any instrumental accompaniment, it is generally in the form of a continuous drone or a buzz about four tones below, making a concord with the predominant note, but utterly regardless of its discords with other notes in the scale. This is the nearest approach to harmony, which may, therefore, be counted as unknown. Some time ago, a European and his wife sang an English duet to a Bengali audience, and the only comment made afterwards was, "the gentleman sang a pretty tune, and the lady sang a pretty tune, but why did they insist on singing the two tunes together?"

The origins of Sanskrit music are lost in legend. One of these is rather interesting as being the Indian version of the *Phœnix* story. A strange bird named "Musikar" inhabited the Caucasus. Its beak had seven apertures through which it could blow different notes, combining them into modes suitable to the hour of the day and season of the year. After 1,000 years, this bird would fall into an ecstasy, collect a pile of combustibles, dance round it in a frenzy, blowing out its notes till it sounded the Fire Mode. Then immediately its body would burst into flames, setting the pile alight and so it would perish, but out of the warm ashes an egg was created from which would come a new "Musikar."

A Mode is called a Raag, the tunes formed on each mode its Reginis or queens. Each note in the Raag has a temperament—happy, passionate, cold; they also have complexions of pink, pale green or some other colour; they wear garments of various hues and flourish in certain seasons. A song composed from the upper notes of the scale may be jubilant, while one from the same mode but on the lower tetrachord may be reflective. These Raags with their queens, therefore, must be used only at appropriate times, such as dawn or sunset or in the rainy season.

From the *Vedas*, a collection of hymns and prayers made 3,000 years ago to fix the ritual of Aryan religious ceremonies, we learn much about Sanskrit music. The drum, the flute and the lute were in those days, as still, the favourite instruments. Vocal music had already got beyond a primitive stage judging by the complicated rules

laid down for the chanting of the Soma ritual going back to the Indo-Iranian age. The Orpheus of India is the God, Grishna, depicted with his flute, while the Goddess of Learning and the Arts carries a lute in her hands.

The genius of Indian poetry lies in religious song and the music which accompanies it is much like old recitative and chanting. With the Mohammedan Mogul conquest, Hindu music fell on evil days. Hindu society was broken up, women had to retire into the shelter of the Zenana to seek protection from the attentions of their Hun-like invaders, and music fell into the hands of small bands of professional musicians and disreputable dancing and singing women. It became unseemly for respectable men and women to sing, for many of the old tunes had gathered new words and disagreeable associations.

Fortunately this dark age has passed away for India and history is beginning to repeat itself. All over the country are rising up educated men and women, who are searching their own classical literature and art for models, yet, often, are so infused with their western education that, unconsciously, their productions are taking on new forms and appearing as a remarkably combination of East and West. Raja Sir Sourindro Hohan Tagore, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy and many others are keenly anxious to revive the ancient models and win a sympathetic hearing from the West for their classic art, which, after all, is the parent stock of our own. The ultra-patriots at present seem to want to turn their backs on the music of the West, but the leavening process has begun and must continue. Western music is beginning to be more scientifically taught in Mission Colleges and Schools. There may arise some day an Indian composer, who shall combine the mysticism of the Indian temperament with a knowledge of the advanced science of Western music, and lead us all into a new field of this glorious art.

The words are a picture of a mad woman wandering about hugging a bundle of rags she has collected, with village urchins snatching at them. The poet has used the image to portray the soul's close communion with God.

The translation was made for Mr. Fox Strangways by a Bengali gentleman, Mr. S. M. Maitra.

"Thou art my tiny bundle of old torn rags, my dearest Lord; and I am Thine own little mad woman holding Thee always on my heart. When I am tired I lay myself down under the tree by the riverside and sleep in peace, resting my head on Thy bosom. In the streets men point the finger of scorn at me; they laugh at me; they throw dust on me. Some try to pluck Thee from my heart, some tell me to cast Thee away. Ah, but how could Thy mad woman live without Thee, my Love! Pressing Thee to my breast I go on my way," etc., etc.

"There is no place like one's own country. If you would know, ask the inhabitants. The Bulbul (nightingale) knows. The wind blows purer there; the water is clearer; the very dust is an elixir. The name of our country refreshes us. Its mountains are higher than heaven. It is a garden of Paradise. Every corner has deeds to tell."

"Children must not wear ornaments. There is a fear of losing person or property. How can parents be at ease when their eyes are constantly riveted on their children, watching their necks or wrists?"

It should be explained that in India children of both sexes wear chains and bangles and necklets of silver or gold, and consequently are sometimes kidnapped for the sake of their jewellery.

L. M. PAGE,

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## A.B.C. Guide to Professors, 1920.

**A** is a professor, for his smart appearance famed,  
Immaculately groomed, Albanesi he is named.

**B** is Henry Beauchamp, who wields a baton bold,  
And Beringer and Booth must not be left out in the cold.

**C**'s there are in plenty from the North, South, East and West,  
But dear old Frederick Corder is the man we love the best.

**D** shall stand for Spencer Dyke, you've heard of his quartette;  
And Dale and P. F. Driver, we mustn't quite forget.

**E** would be MacEwen, if it wasn't for the Mac,  
Of ripping compositions he has written quite a stack.

**F** is Harry Farjeon, who has a heart of gold;  
At least three dozen flappers are in love with him, I'm told.

**G** is Dr. Greenish, and his patience is amazing,  
He is kind alike to duffers, or to the genius blazing.

**H** is Welton Hickin who is always on the go,  
From early morn till dewy eve he hurries to and fro.

**I** points to Iles who can sing a merry lay,  
And as there are no **J**'s, we will hurry on to **K**.

**K** stands for Kiver, Kipps, Knott, Keel and King—  
The first three teach us piano, and the latter how to sing.

**L** is Mme. Larkcon, who is really very charming,  
But when a girl sings out of time, she can be quite alarming.

**M** is for Macpherson, who is keen on " keyboard " work,  
And he wants to " scrap " some hymn-tunes that he's heard sung in  
the kirk.  
(Of 'phersons—there are two of them, and Charlie is the other,  
He also teaches harmony, but isn't Stewart's brother.)

**N** should stand for Elsie Nye, who's reached a high position;  
She teaches violin and harmonie and composition.

**O** is quite a stranger, for we haven't one, you see,  
So two professors I'll describe whose names begin with **P**.

**A** singer Mr. Phillips is, and he's a jolly fellow,  
While Patterson B. Parker, he performs upon the 'cello.

**Q** shall stand for that fair Queen, the lady superintendent,  
And Mrs. Russell is her name, her powers are quite transcendent.

**R** is Read, whose classes seem to utter horrid groans,  
But, if with care you listen, you'll detect the "quarter-tones."

**S** is Felix Swinstead, and splendid teacher he,  
But does he ever cut his hair? It's that that puzzles me!

**T** shall stand for " Uncle Tobs " (though Matthay is his name),  
He wears a velvet coat of brown that adds unto his fame.

We now have reached the letter **U**, which isn't any Use,  
And **V**, I think, must also lead the life of a recluse.

Waller, Whitemore, Wessely, Woof, with **W** begin,  
And there are others, but I haven't room to put them in.

Let **X** be those Xaminers who on a July morn  
Have made us either jump for joy or wish we'd ne'er been born.

With **Y** or **Z** we cannot deal—your own quick intuition  
Will tell you Y, for look around, there is no such musician.

There's one now who must stand alone, the greatest of them all,  
With him the Royal Academy must either stand or fall.

So last, but not the least, Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie,  
A harpist gives him pain, but singers drive him to a frenzy!

I know my rhymes are dreadful, and my metre is yet wuss—  
For all your strong objections, though. I do not care a cuss.

Our Alphabet is finished—"Thank the Lord," I hear you say,  
"We couldn't write such awful tosh" (I hope you never may).

STRUGGLING "POET" (!)

### Founded on Fancy.

You shall hear how Laughing Daughter  
Sang at our Fortnightly Concert;  
How the gentle Minnie Sol-fa,  
She, the sweetest of all singers,  
Sang her song of love and longing,  
Carolled to the R.A.M. essembled,  
That the day might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gaily  
And her parents be contended.

O the long and weary waiting,  
O the dreary, cruel waiting  
Till her turn came on the programme!  
There into the Artists' Room then  
Came two silent friends and gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway.  
Said the foremost, "Cheerio dear!  
How are you feeling? Buck up, now, do!"  
And the other said: "Now look you,

'Deed she's very white and frightened."  
And the lovely Minnie Sol-fa  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Hid her face, but made no answer.  
Goaded soon to desperation,  
Forth she flew into the hallway,  
Would have rushed upon the platform  
But a kindly hand restrained her,  
He, the Green one, stopped and held her,  
Soothed and quieted all her anguish.

Down into the crowded hall she  
Looked on rows and rows of faces.  
Some she knew and some she did not  
Saw them whisper smile and fidget;  
Saw the students in the gallery  
Listening with strained attention,  
Ready e'er to point the finger,  
Ready e'er to clap a comrade.

Down now from the concert-platform  
Came a rosy-cheeked performer,  
Walked a little, ran a little,  
Quite forgot to make obeisance,  
Took no notice of her hearers,  
Very pleased she seemed about it  
Very glad that it was over.

O'er the vast expanse of platform  
Tripped our lovely Laughing Daughter,  
Her accompanist behind her,  
He, the merry mischief maker,  
He, the smiter of the ivory.  
Skilled was he in ways of music,  
In the mazes of notation,  
Skilled in clefs and accidentals,  
But he liked the rests the better.  
First he played a solemn measure,  
"Introduzio," slow in tempo,  
Till he came to the six-four chord  
Where should enter Laughing Daughter;  
There he stopped and paused a little,  
Wondered, and remained suspended.  
For from breathless Laughing Daughter  
Came no sound or noise of singing.  
Numb and still with fright her heart was  
O'er her face a frozen mask was.

Once again the solemn measure  
Played he then for all the hearers,  
Many times did he transpose it,  
Put it up and down a half-tone,  
Put it up and down a whole tone.  
All the gallery, delighted,  
Beamed with pride and admiration,  
Would have cheered him for his efforts,  
Waited still to see the outcome.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,"  
Thought he with his face uplifted,  
"Give us song, O Laughing Daughter,  
Give us song or we must hop it!"

Miserable Minnie Sol-fa  
Empty-headed, heavy-hearted,  
Wished to sink beneath the platform,  
Wished that she were dead and buried,  
Coffin'd underneath the platform.  
Out she looked toward the audience,  
Read no pity in their faces,  
Read derision in their glances;  
Up then to the clock-face looked she,  
Stern and final was its sentence:  
"Here thou shalt not stay forever,  
Sing and go, or go unsung."

So she pulled herself together,

Took a breath and held her head up;  
 Then in accents sweet and tender  
 Sang her song of love and longing,  
 Looking ever at the clock-face,  
 Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
 Sang she softly, sang in this wise :

“ Far away is my Beloved,  
 Far away o'er land and ocean,  
 Lone am I, but not unhappy.  
 What though long from me he tarries—  
 Long in southern lands he wanders,  
 Happy in the glorious sunshine,  
 Breathing deep the air of freedom,  
 Seeking ever Fortune's bounty—  
 Have I not his heart in keeping?  
 Do I cherish it not fondly?  
 Breezes bear my thoughts unto him,  
 Summer sun for me him kisses,  
 In the clouds he sees my features  
 Watching o'er him, ever trusting;  
 Birds and flowers all remind him  
 That I have his heart in keeping.  
 Closer now, and ever closer,  
 Will I weave my spell about him,  
 Till he sicken of the southland,  
 Till he haste o'er land and ocean  
 To the heart I have in keeping.  
 Come, my far-away Beloved,  
 I am waiting, I am waiting,  
 Lone am I, but not unhappy,  
 Come, O come, my dear beloved !”

Thus the gentle Laughing Daughter—  
 She, the lovely Minnie Sol-fa  
 And her pianist, the clever—  
 Sang and played to all assembled;  
 Played and sang at the Fortnightly.

Then was beating hands together,  
 Then was shuffling, stamping, cheering,  
 Thund'rous was the applause they gave them.  
 Very pleased were friends and parents,  
 Well contented were the front row.

R. E. C.

SOCIAL

NOTES.



Just over 300 students and friends attended the R.A.M. Club dance on February 12th, and all were agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable. It is a great help on these occasions to have the men students back at the Academy.

The marriage of Mr. William Michel and Miss Doris Lemon, both of the Beecham Opera Co., took place on July 24th last.

Another marriage of interest to the Academy is that of Mr. Maurice D'Oisly and Miss Rosina Buckman.

Miss Marjory Hook has arrived at Sydney, Australia, and is preparing for her debut there.

Mr. Horatio Davies has been conducting the Choral Society at Bedford College, Regent's Park.

Miss Edith Sullivan is touring successfully with the Femina quartet.

Miss Olive Groves is appearing in "Wild Geese" at the Comedy Theatre.

Miss Alison Macdonald has left for Rome, by way of Paris.

Congratulations to Mrs. Guy Ring, better known as Miss Elsie Cooper, on the possession of a daughter, born on February 21st.

Miss Kitty Bowen, who appeared in the Christmas production of "Charley's Aunt," is now in Jersey.

Miss Hilda Cockram, the recent Dove scholar, is engaged to Captain Basil Panting.

Mr. William Chisholm is touring with the "Lilac Domino" company.

Miss May Blyth and Mr. John Van Zyl took part recently in a performance of "Hiawatha," at Eastbourne.

Mr. Van Zyl has been appearing at the Old Vic in "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser." In the latter, he took up the part of the Landgrave at a week's notice.

Mr. Acton Bond has won deserved praise for his production of "Hamlet" with an "all women" caste.

Miss Dorothy Varick is touring in South Africa, and is meeting with very great success with her songs at the piano.

Miss Dorothy Howell's two dances, performed at the Queen's Hall by the British Symphony Orchestra, met with a favourable reception. They were recently played by the same orchestra at Buckingham Palace.

The sympathy of many students will go to Miss Mollie French on the death of her father, Mr. Percy French, the well-known Irish humorist.

Recitals have been given recently by the following students and ex-students:—the Misses Joyce Ansell, Olga Carmine, Isabel Gray, Norah Turner, Winifred Small, and Messrs. Leo Livens and Bryden Monteith.

Mr. John Maclean has been engaged by Mr. Gilbert Miller to play the part of the Duke of Winterset in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

### Nature Pictures.

Within the kingdom of my mind there lies a little space,  
A gallery of memories, a magic, spell-bound place,  
Where, caught by chains of dewdrop bright, and veiled in opal  
mist,

I keep my Nature Pictures fair, by shower and sunbeam kissed.

And when the world is grey, and distant thunder mutters low,  
And fancies, sombre, foreboding, on the dim horizon grow,  
I turn, and leave behind me all the "Land of Workaday,"  
And in that quiet gallery I dream the hours away.

Those pictures have been treasured up in many a lovely land,  
Fashioned and bless'd by God alone; unmarred by human hand—  
The mountains clad in dazzling snow, the many shadowed hills—  
The meadow-land beset with pine, the little laughing rills.

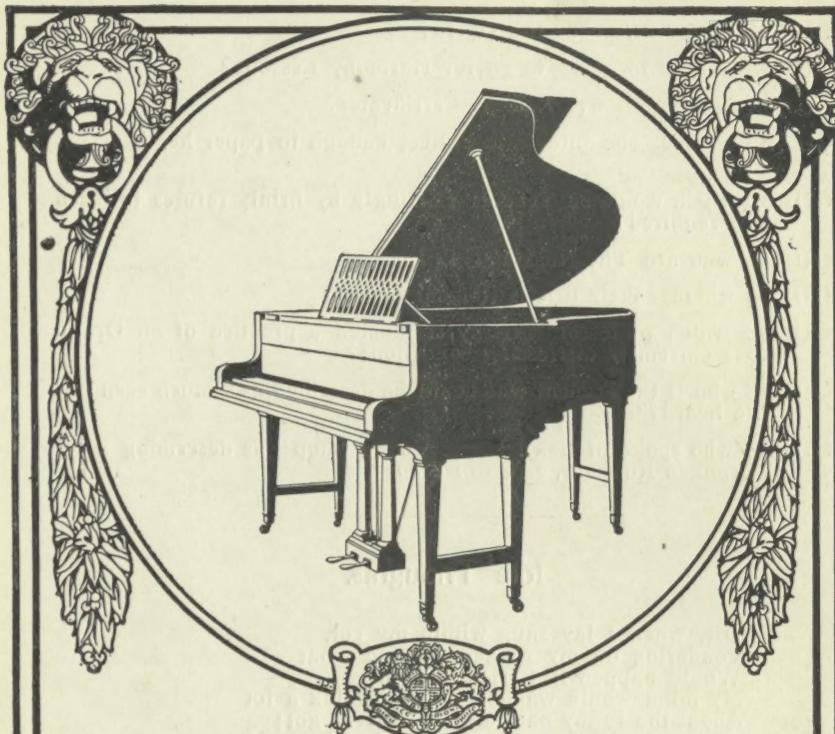
The lacy fairy tracery of branches bent with snow,  
The birch tree bowing to the breeze, the primrose bed below,  
The fox-gloves marshalled on parade, the happy soaring lark,  
The little watching stars aleep from out the velvet dark.

The lightning, weird, majestic, as it flashes through the sky,  
The heavens' dread artillery, the thunder, marching by,  
The dull wind sadly moaning, as it heralds coming rain,  
God's glorious bow of promise, when the sunshine smiles again!

The butterflies coquetting in the shimmering summer air,  
The wee wild strawberry ablush, beneath the hedgerow's care,  
The dragon-fly imperial, in his royal coat of blue,  
The little bat, come out to hunt amid the evening dew.

And as I wander dreamily back o'er the rainbow years,  
I learn afresh God's gift of joy outweighs Life's gift of tears—  
My heart leaps up to Him who blends the sunshine and the rain,  
And gives us Nature's fairyland to soothe away Life's pain!

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## Guess Who's.

GUESS Who *really* runs the Opera?

GUESS Who "forgets" to go for Harmony Lessons?

GUESS Who holds five R.A.M. Certificates?

GUESS whether she intends to collect enough to paper her bedroom with?

GUESS which would-be Teacher smilingly by firmly refuses to teach when required?

GUESS who are The Heavenly Twins?

GUESS whether their title is ironical or not?

GUESS which professor recently conducted a practice of an Oratio under extremely distressing conditions?

GUESS who is the Student who could be described as "much seen but little heard?"

GUESS who spoke of Bax's "In a Vodka Shop" as describing a lot of drunken Russians, *seven in a bar?*

## Idle Thoughts.

Oft, when I lay snug within my cot,  
Pondering on my wickedness and what  
Would happen if I tried to swot,  
My mind would wander, and I'd think a lot  
About the funny names that we have got;  
And some of them *are* funny, are they not?

I hope that I'm not going to be rude,  
And would not, for the world, be misconstrued,  
But why are people christened "Ermintrude"?  
Suppose the lady fair is being wooed,  
Would "Ermy" suit the lover's fiery mood,  
And, if he stammered, would he get to "trude"?

The subject's broached; now for an apt quotation!  
They say a rose by any other appellation  
Would still smell sweetly, but its station  
As Floral Queen would need some approbation  
If it were called, for instance, "Thornitation"!

So then, consider the Academy Magazine,  
Tell me, what uglier name has ever been?  
Does not "Academite" conjure up a scene  
Of fighting cheeses, or, is the wind so keen,  
That like the widow's mite our purse is lean?  
Can't someone find a name of nobler mien?

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